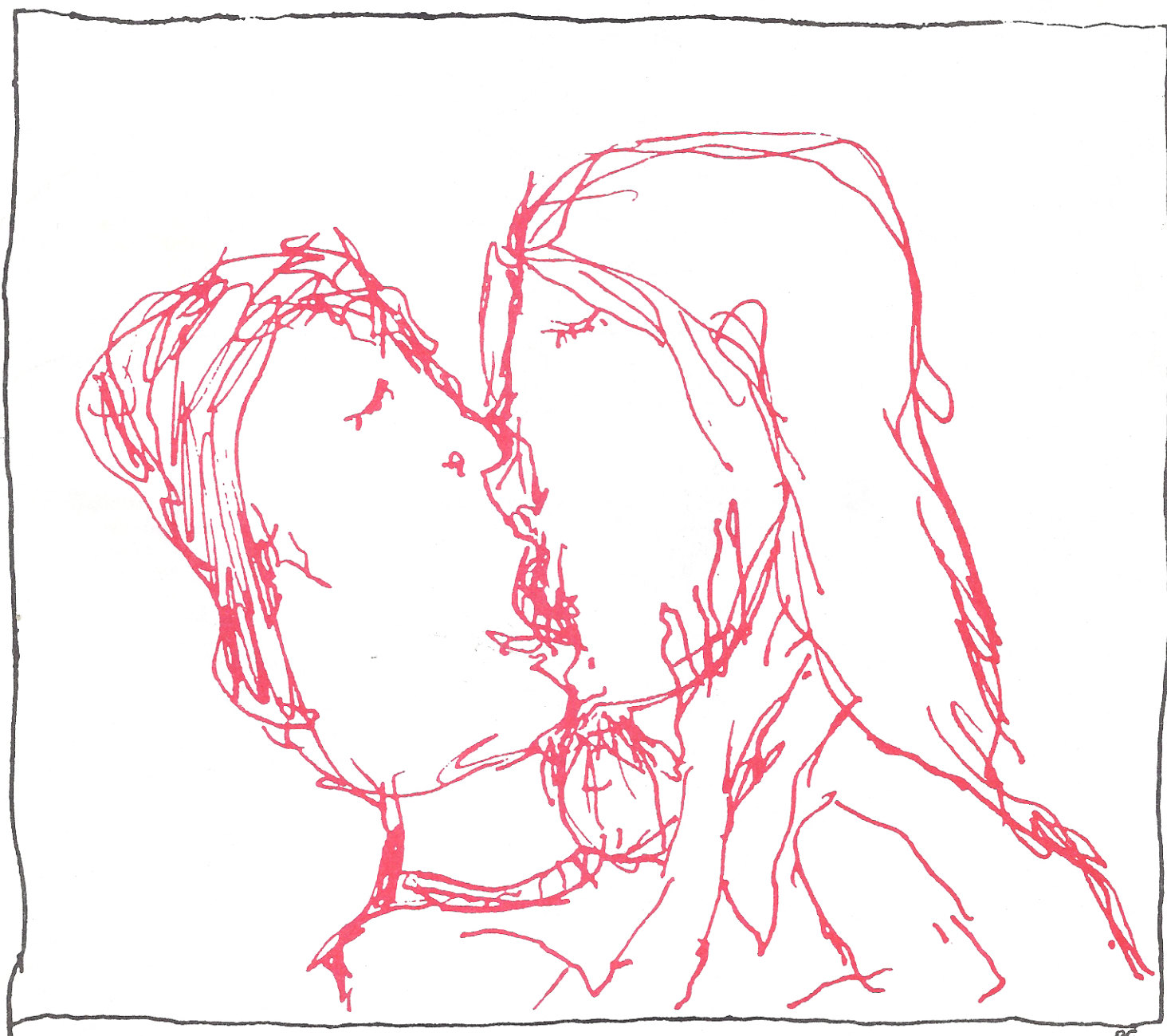


ROLLER DERBY

Number Ten

Two Dollars



EDITORIAL

"What's new?" The question is on everyone's lips. Many of us start the day reading the morning newspaper and end it reading the "final" or watching the late-night newscast. The news is both wonderful and terrible. We read of births and deaths, marriages and murders, friendships and fighting. We laugh at the comics and cry over life's tragedies. It can be fun to read about how the rich shop and party, and sobering to ponder the problems of the poor. But it can be fun to write the news, too. Newspapers employ reporters, editors, artists, and photographers. Imagine a job that pays you to go to and write about your favorite event, be it a movie, play, art exhibit, sports event, fashion show, or restaurant opening. Boundless curiosity is the most important qualification.

And, of course, it isn't just other people who make the news. Our own births, marriages, and deaths are likely to be recorded for others to read about. What else would we want to share with the world? Will it be good or bad? Will we rob a bank or write a symphony? Deface a building with spray paint or create a masterpiece that will hang in a museum? All of us share the same joys and disappointments. We don't just read the news, we make it.

MAIL

Laundryday
Dear Lisa!

I just finished the last Laura Ingalls book and it was so depressing! Their crops failed, they were severely in debt, their son died--then their house burned down and Laura's head blistered! Etc., etc.,--then the book ends and the series ends and that's it.

✍️ Jaina

Dec. 10, 92
Editor, Rollerderby:

Just read review of Lisa Suckdog piece in *Village Voice Literary Supplement* in which she advocates or jokes abt drinking 1/5 of alcohol "in 20 minutes or less" as a real goof. That has killed many young & old ignorant people. Trust you will rubber stamp warnings in yr mag. This is NOT a joke.
Yr friend ☺

Dear ☺

I've been thinking about your letter. My thoughts are these: 1. While some individuals are some good, society is inherently evil; there are too many people; let 'em die. But if they want to

die, it should be done carefully, accurately--we don't want any brains dying while the body hangs in there. Alcohol poisoning is clumsy, painful, awful. 2. I like Rollerderby readers better than non Rollerderby readers, and don't wish for any of them to die or go into a coma. 3. I don't drink like that anymore. (I don't know if that is of interest, but it was one of my thoughts and you get the whole set.)

Sincerely, LC

Hi Lisa,

The drunken, still virgin, teenage "I" called home for a ride, already out past curfew. When the folks showed up at the phone booth, there she was, performing fellatio on a young man. "I" told her mom his name was Leonard Bernstein, so she kept trying to run him over, yelling I'll kill you Leonard Bernstein!

"M"'s story: There was a girl in Alaska. From the get-go I told her I could never really love her. She was hurt and could never understand it, but there was just nothing there. Just hook up in a bar and end up in bed now and then. She had large, sensitive breasts, truly her main erogenous zone. In a wanton husky drunken voice she would implore me to "suck em baby, suck em up." That would always give me a shiver and cause me to wither momentarily. You just had to hear that voice, it was terrifying.

But that's all history. Right now I'm back working at the cemetery. It's tits. One of my co-workers is a 30 year old virgin nicknamed "Gumby" because he was born with some really messed-up legs. Lately Gumby has taken on "gay thoughts." It's mostly been directed at me, with him batting his eyes rapidly in the most flirtatious manner while mumbling "you're cute." Last week we came in from work to find a shit on the bathroom floor, covered over with paper towels. We asked him if he did it and he denied it. Next day we asked him if he'd dropped a load in his pants the day before and he started laughing saying yah and admitting some got on the floor. "I have trouble going potty." We were incredulous and started berating him for leaving it on the floor and made him clean it up. He flip-flopped between laughing hysterically and admitting "it's sick."

Friend Kelly was thankful for the Suckdog shirt you sent, though his new girlfriend Val said, "At first I was jealous, but then I thought, Hey, I'm the one that blows him" They're the Sid and Nancy of Alaska. First day we met her, they were sitting around drinking and she

had a bucket by her. "Excuse me if I throw up, I haven't eaten all day and my stomach's funny," said Val as she sipped whisky.

That's all Folks!

"I" & "M"

Lisa Suckdog, I'm a virgin male. This girl at school rubbed my hand quickly three times kind of casually but it just made me want to write. It's the first day of school and I saw this girl who liked me for a long time. She's a black girl who looks like (almost) a gorilla. Not that that's a bad thing. It makes the rumor (from her cousin) that she wants to have sex with me more exciting. She hangs out with the crowd of people who wear Malcolm X t-shirts and hate the white bread. It's a good thing she likes me. Perhaps I'll lose my virginity to her. Maybe I'll lose my virginity to the girl who rubbed my hand and stood in a way that my elbow touched her crotch. She's nice. She's in that alternative crowd but seems like a true individual from one hour observation and associating. Anyways you, Lisa Carver, remind me of the girl I love. She moved away to Florida to live with her boyfriend. We still keep in contact. Maybe I'll lose my virginity to her when we fall in love and have the beautiful experience of true passionate love. Snout the Tinker

Heya, Lisa:

I too get very *very* steamed up at office supply stores!

Phil X.

Dear Miss Suckdog,

You FLAKE! Do you remember the fateful night in July? 1992? You were wearing the same red fake satan panties I was wearing. They had tiny, dainty bows on the hips. I was super duper sweetie pie to you. I let you wear my elegant black choker. You pretended to delight in my presence. (FAKER!!) I gave you my number and we made a date to look at all one hundred pairs of my fantabulous slinky panties AND my bra tree. BUT! You never called me. I stayed alone sick IN BED all day wearing my faux french crotchless panties wondering if you would DEIGN to call me. You MEANIE. Oh WELL. Your husband seems not very nice but he does have nice musculatures. WAIT! Someone tells me you are divorced. (He's not sure.) You can marry me if you wanna but I probably won't be a good wife.

XOXO, Cynthia

P.S. YOU ALSO BEAT UP MY DATE!! But that's okay, I was amused.

...my God. (LC)

To Pee
or

Not

To
PEE

SHAVED MAN AT A PARTY: Can I have your autograph?
LISA: Why? SHAVED MAN: Oh. What's your last name?
LISA: Carver. SHAVED MAN: Oh. Wrong Lisa. LISA:
Don't you still want my autograph?

But the shaved man had wandered off, in search of The Woman Who Pees On Stage. My mother would say, "His priorities are shit!" If I pee in a toilet every day, then I don't have any fans, but if I'm on stage and I miss the toilet and spill it on someone, then people want my signature? Shouldn't precision and efficiency--ie. getting the pee in the toilet bowl--be rewarded, not lack thereof? That's the problem with rock these days.



The

THE Neighbors

Ones



Who

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Inhabit (and how!)

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★



★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

16780 Center Way

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

My favorite quote from 16780 Center Way is—they were watching football and one guy yells: "Charlie! Get off the shitter! You've got to see this!"

-Bill

The football game, which must have been the most thrilling ever broadcasted, as well as one of unprecedented drama, judging from the unself-conscious sounds of festivity erupting from the people across the street, had ended; the emotionalism had mellowed into barbecue talk. Nothing especially noteworthy was happening when suddenly drunken chests were puffing out of control. At first, the altercation was thought to concern the sexual preference of one of the barbecuers, or maybe a one-time indiscretion involving someone's "old lady" or "ex-old lady." Two Tough Guys had the Trouble Guy (AKA Mr. Indiscretion or Mr. Hater of Indiscretion) pinned across the railing on the porch threatening to dump him over the edge and to "break [his] fucking spine in two, mother-fucker, right now." An outright death threat! By the time the chests had gone limp, "Jim" had been ejected from the party and a picnic table found itself halfway down the front stairs. Apparently, Jim's only gripe—which he yelled from the street--was that

someone was claiming Jim's jacket for his own, yet no one believed him, even though it had "pockets on the inside that my ex-old lady sewed there, come down the street and ask her, man." King Tough Guy came downstairs and tried to calmly talk Jim into "just go-[ing] home and everybody'd figure things out in the morning." But Jim wasn't leaving without the jacket. Quoth James: "It's the principle of the fact that I been ripped off." He went on to use as verification something one of the womenfolk had said, but it was unclear exactly what. Nevertheless, King Tough Guy dismissed the evidence because the source was suspect. With arms in the air he said: "You've hated that bitch for years. You don't even talk to that cunt. And now all of a sudden she's speaking the God's honest truth?"

With the aid of Queen Tough Old Lady screeching out the window, "Get that jerk outta here," King Tough Guy continued attempts to send Jim home jacketless, in which references to the dealings of Jim & Associates were made, and attendant lack of ethics, legality, honesty, truth, etc. King Tough Guy and Jim settled into a long, calm, sobering discussion in the middle of the street.

An interesting post script that surprised everybody--the accused jacket-with-Jim's-ex-old-lady's-customization thief gave the jacket back to Jim. He was telling the truth all along. I guess it goes to show: People like Jim don't back down when the principle of the fact that he's being ripped off is at stake. The Rollerderby reconnaissance crew, Sonoma County, and the world salute Jim and his successful quest for justice. Go 'niners. (excerpt from Seymour Glass's new novel, *Guerneville Confidential: The Jacket.*)

"What are you doing, old turd?"

"Going to hock my saw. Fifteen dollars they give you for a damn screw saw downtown. Shit—that ass! Hate him!"

-heard by Lisa 29 October 1992

I'm Just a Scrawny Art Dude
by Bill Callahan

JACK: Hi, I'm here to meet the neighbors.

BILL: I'm Bill.

JACK: I'm Jack. I'm here to meet the neighbors.

BILL: Come in.

JACK: This house is so mellow. I've never met you guys. You've got about a hundred cars pulling

in and out. (Walking through the living room:) Come out on the back porch. Have a seat! What was your name?

BILL: Bill.

JACK: How old are you, about nineteen?

BILL: I'm twenty-six, I just look nineteen.

JACK: I'm forty-eight so I'm allowed to be off five or six years on ages. You want a hit of beer?

BILL: No, thanks.

JACK: You don't drink?

BILL: Sometimes.

JACK: See, this is a dead end road. We're all real tight. Nobody gets away with anything. Anytime a cop car comes it's either for me or for Andy down the street.

BILL: What do the cop cars come for?

JACK: Fights. I'm forty-eight years old and getting in fights. The last one, three weeks ago, I made the papers.

BILL: What do you fight about?

JACK: I don't know. I think the last one was one of those, "How you doing, Motherfucker?" type things.

BILL: (puzzled look)

JACK: You know, "How you doing, Motherfucker?" "What? Did you call me Motherfucker?" "I didn't mean it in a bad way." "You better watch your mouth, Motherfucker." "Why--" (punches hand) Ugh, what's this? I hate cats. But it seems like they're always drawn to me. It's about all I can do to keep myself from tossing him over the edge of the porch. Have you been to the coast?

BILL: Erm...I've been to uh, what's that town--Tanner? There's a beach there.

JACK: How did you do in Geography? The Pacific Ocean? The Coast, the Coast, man. That huge body of water that runs up and down all of this state.

BILL: (shaken by his outburst) Uh, well, I've been to...Tanner?

JACK: (disgusted) Jenner. Jeez. Where you from, uh...what's your name again?

BILL: Bill. New Hampshire.

JACK: Oh, my friend Andy is from Philly and he spent some time in New Jersey. It ain't no (adopts a hoity toity accent:) Cambridge, Massachusettes.

BILL: (laughs)

JACK: Well, I'm going to be coming over here regularly. What did you say your name was?

BILL: Bill.

JACK: I'm going to come over for sugar. And eventually you all are going to come over to our house. We make a casserole, beans, there's enough for everybody.

BILL: Wow, thanks.

JACK: (goes back through our living room to our front porch, points to a guy on his porch:) That's Andy, he's been drinking since six-thirty this morning. (points to Bill) Andy, this is Steve.

ANDY: How you doing?

The Neighbors, Part 7000

by Dame Darcy

My friend and I decided to go to a jazz show in Rio Nido at this place that has a neon moon winking in the sky. I descended my porch staircase in my luxurious gold dress with sequins, swinging my great-grandmother's watch fob on its golden chain, when I heard a voice calling in the dark: "Hi, neighbor! Will you take me downtown 'cause I'm drunk and last night I got a 502 [the Guerneville curse--Driving While Intoxicated] and I gotta meet my old lady downtown." I said, "Sure--hop on in, neighbor!"

On the way there I heard this wheezing sound. At first I thought it was from my car, then my mind started racing,



I'm getting muddled nowadays. There's lots of neighbors all around... -Pushkin

concocting all kinds of things the neighbor could be doing. I pictured a switch blade being contracted and expelled over and over. I pictured the neighbor panting while he masturbated in the back seat, betting crusty cum all over the back of the seat I was sitting in--then I burst out, saying: "What's that noise!? What's that noise!? Are you making that noise, neighbor? Is it my car or something?" Meanwhile my friend was looking at me, saying, "Darce...it's not your car, don't worry about it...." But I insisted: "What's that noise!?" Then the neighbor in the back said he had asthma. I burst out laughing. I couldn't help it--mostly I laughed from relief. When he got out of the car downtown he said, "You sure are a strange neighbor."--to which I responded with hysterical laughter again. Later that night I got my just deserts by falling into a ditch and ripping my tights.

The Other Neighbors--The Ones Down the Road a Piece

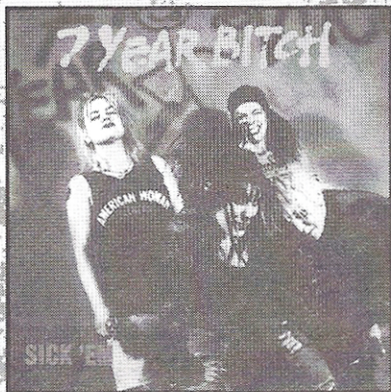
(Darcy has more to say.)

I was sitting on the front porch on Lisa's birthday, drawing, when I heard a 99¢ plastic ball from Safeway being bounced off the driveway. Then I heard a male voice bellow, "Yer a butthead like yer mom, Ver-nel!" A small, whiny voice responded, "Nuh-uh, BUBBA!" Vernel was a skinny 8 or so year old girl with stringy blonde hair and a filthy Little Mermaid t-shirt on. Bubba, in his late twenties, had a large hairy beer belly. I know this because his sweat-stained flannel shirt was hanging wide open for the world to bask in the glory of his sour cream colored skin. Bubba and Vernel proceeded to bounce the Safeway ball off the garage. Vernel accused Bubba of playing keepsies and Bubba snorted at her and laughed like this: "HUH, HUH, HUH!" I couldn't believe their names were really Bubba and Vernel. After about an hour and 45 minutes che two grew tired of

their sport and headed back down the road, making their departure the same as their entrance: Bubba calling Vernal a butthead and Vernel disagreeing.

This is the second time I've come in contact with these particular neighbors. The first time was when Lisa and I had just moved to Guerneville. I was standing in the kitchen and I heard dogs attacking each other and people screaming "Stop it Brownie! Stop it!" Then a knock came at our door and when I opened it I saw a bearded man, Bubba, standing there with a dog on a rope and blood covering his t-shirt. He said "the neighbors" had stolen his other dog and when he went to get it they beat him up so he asked us to call the police for him. Lisa made me lock the door "just in case he's a murderer" while she looked in the phone book for the number of the police station in Guerneville. There was none! Just one sheriff, and we later found out he has a lilac sign. What kind of a

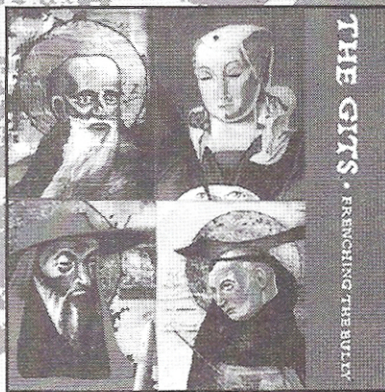
One man's punk is another man's grunge



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sheriff color is that?

YOU CAN SIT ON THE FRONT
SEAT AS LONG AS YOU DON'T
FART AS BAD AS I DO!!!

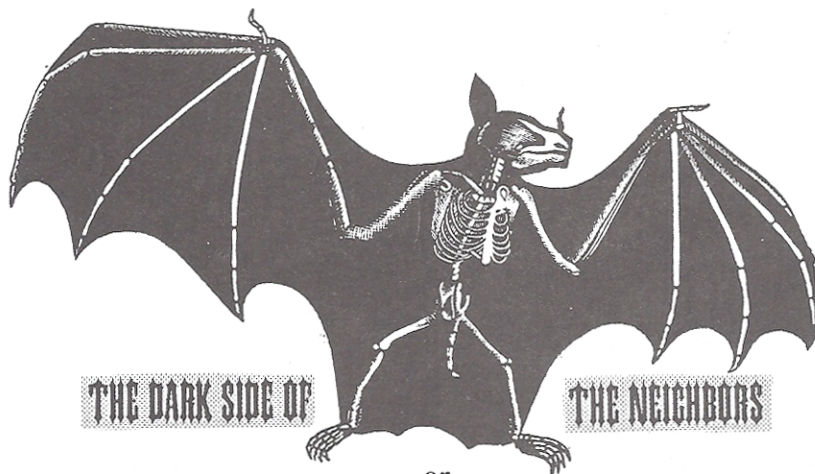
-heard by us all 1:49 a.m., 29 December
1992

JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT IT WAS SAFE TO GO BACK IN THE YARD...

by Darcy

If you think our neighbors engage
in wacky madcap adventures, just
listen to this! My mermaid sister
lives in Louisville, Kentucky and
his neighbor Ted goes out in the
back yard naked to mow the lawn
and then drink a big glass of
chocolate Quick and wave a big,
friendly hello to Mermaid Sister.

One day Ted bought a pink
bike with a sparkly banana seat
and a basket with plastic flowers
on it. He'd go riding it into
town to get some more Quick with
nothing on but a speedo. He'd
ride it hunched over because it
was a bike for a 12 year old
girl.



THE DARK SIDE OF

THE NEIGHBORS

or

A Portentous Thought in the Grocery Store

by Lisa

I was in Safeway where they have
a blinking ding-dong shaped bug
zapper. I was shuffling down the 7
Items Or Less aisle in my practical
greenish brown pants and my
cousin's ex-boyfriend's blue and
white Yale shirt with dark brown
hair dye splotches on it, swinging

my small bag of onions by the
orange plastic handle when I heard a
voice coming from deep within a

ATTENTION

NEIGHBORS

THERE WILL BE A NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH
MEETING IN JANUARY. I SHOULD HAVE THE
OFFICIAL REPORTED CRIME STATISTICS FOR
OUR NEIGHBORHOOD AND GUERNEVILLE.
WE HAVE MANY NEW NEIGHBORS WHO ARE
NOT AWARE OF OUR NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH
GOT GROUP, SO THIS WILL BE A "GET
ACQUAINTED" MEETING ALSO.
TO ASSURE THAT ENOUGH
WILL COME TO WARRENT THE
CAN YOU ONE W

black pit--my conscience. It said: Like every good joke, The Neighbors have a dark side too.

Bill was the first member of the Art Colony to be touched by the clammy hands of retribution. Nobody, but NOBODY, turns down The Neighbors' bean casserole dish and gets away clean. Bill should thank his lucky stars they slashed only *one* of his tires.

As for Darcy--O, ironic Neighbors!--her fate came home to roost like a one-legged chicken with dandruff. A small rock placed in her car's exhaust pipe showed Darcy what a *real* wheezing sound sounds like. (This punishment didn't work so hot though. Like always, her clumsy guardian angel knocked Darcy out of the tight spot. The mechanic was going to charge her an arm and a leg for rock discovery and removal, but after hearing so much about Darcy's toes and their various mishaps, from the time she got frostbite in two of them from driving to work and back with no

heater to the Christmas when she stepped on a dry piece of spaghetti and couldn't get it out to how *just the other day* she stubbed some of the toes on the carpet and left a trail of blood all up and down the whole house and how was she ever going to get her security deposit back now, since the blood won't come out and did he think it's infected--would he look at it?, he said just give me \$25 and get out of here.)

How The Neighbors could bother the two pedestrians (Seymour and Lisa) required some brainstorming. The Guerneville firefighter, Ted, was busy extinguishing burning heads for days!

The two women Neighbors decided to stomp up and down our porch steps using blue language. The sound of those ferocious females taking four steps at a time melted Seymour's famous icy reserve. Before they could reach the doorbell, he was on the bus to Puddle City. He clung to my arm and

sobbed, "Don't unlock the door!" (Oh yeah, as if I'm about to open the door to people wearing flannel shirts with the sleeves cut off.)

Since that night, Seymour hasn't gone anywhere, including the bathroom, without his ax in the pouch his ex-old lady sewed inside his jacket. He insists it's for cutting kindling: "You never know when you're gonna stumble across a big log. I'm afraid someone might trip. Well, I am!"

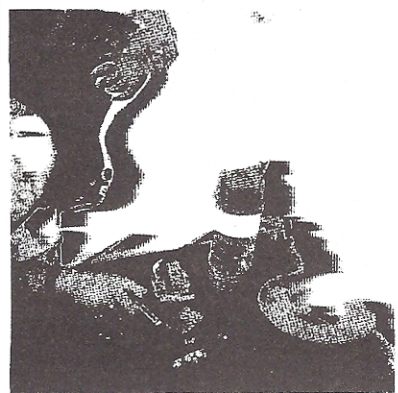
To make my life a living hell, The Neighbors look cross-eyed at Cheetah and Little Kuck every now and then. The feeling of dread never totally leaves me unless both animals are in the room with me. I'm afraid for my cats' lives!

Torture us all you want, Neighbors--art is life, and we can take it. But you lay one finger on those innocent little creatures and I'll do to you what the humane society did to them. I'll cut your balls off.



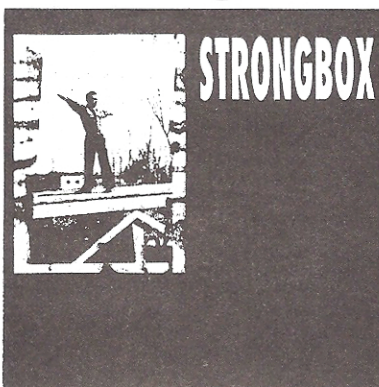
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what's the line that comes after

"Blinded by the light..." ?

Woke up with a doozie in the middle of the night.

-Lisa

Wrapped up in a noose; got a rubber-ended knife.

-Jaina

Wound up with a moose in the rolling thunder night.

-what I thought Eric Baecht said

Soaked it up like a douche in the rinnie-ninnie night.

-what Eric really said

Reved up like a tooth. You know, the motor and the bite.

-Scott Derrr

Roped up like a goose in the shimmy-shimmy night.

-Alex Behr

Fuck up with a contusion and give your plants the blight.

-Matt Jasper

And little early burly gave my anus curly whirley and asked me
if I needed a ride.

-Rachel

Why do you want to know? Why do you want to know, I'm
asking you. I know it. Wrapped up like a crooner...what is the
word? Loser? I like Mannford Mann's early stuff, but...wrapped
up like...tell me!

-a man in a bar

PROUD MARY

Looking for job in the city
Walking for the man every night and day

And it never allowed a minute of sleeping
Waiting by the way things night have been.

*Big wheel keep on playin'

Proud Mary keep on burning

Roll it Roll it

Roll it on the River

Been a lot of place in Memphis

Honked a lot of pair-dawn in New Orleans

But I never say the good side of a city

Till I hitched a ride on a river-boat free

(* < り か ぁ し)

If you come down to the river

Bet you gonna find some people who live

You don't have worry though you have no money

People on the river happy together.

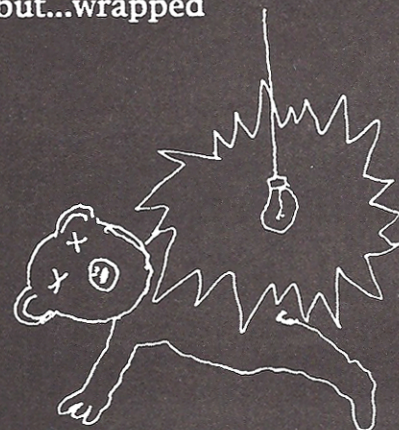
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Nyah, nyah--what a terrible fright!

-Christine Shields



illustrations: Bill Callahan



ROLLERDERBY

16794 CENTER WAY
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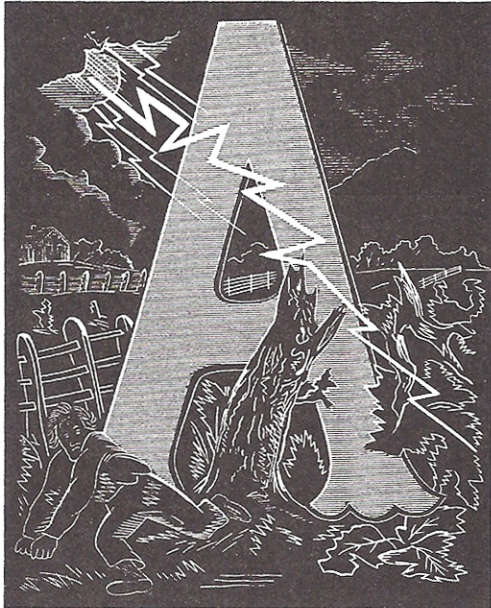
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Perception is 9/10 of the music industry law!

IN THE DECEMBER ISSUE OF *SPIN*, ERIC DAVIS WINDS UP HIS OSTENSIBLY SERIOUS, CRITICAL, REAL-MAGAZINE-TYPE REVIEW OF A ROYAL TRUX ALBUM BY BEING "PARTICULARLY IMPRESS[ED]" BY THE "EXPLORATORY" NEIL AND JENNIFER QUITTING HEROIN. DOING OR NOT DOING HEROIN IS ON PAR WITH WIPING OR NOT WIPING THE HAIRS OFF THE SINK AFTER COMPLETING ONE'S MORNING ABLUTIONS: IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE MUSIC. IT'S PERSONAL. IT'S GOSSIP. WE HERE AT *ROLLERDERBY* WOULD NEVER STOOP SO LOW. AS TO STOP AT TELLING OUR READERS WHAT THE CELEBRITIES DON'T DO WITHOUT REPORTING AS WELL WHAT THEY DO NOW INSTEAD, WE MEAN.

T T I T U

Air conditioning. That's what Neil and Jennifer do instead, our source reveals. "Air conditioning on full-blast all the time, talking about air conditioning units all the time. And...*gross food*." Here my informant shuddered. He shivered. Then we climbed on deck, changed out of our wet things, and he continued: "I saw Jennifer eat rotten fruit. And she'd buy Wonder Bread hamburger buns and go into McDonald's and--you know how they have the condiments bar?--they'd put that on the buns and eat it."

Barely Upright, Still Dangerous

On the 23rd of November, 1992, halfway through Royal Trux's set, I walked into San Francisco's Brave New World. Talk about atmosphere! Smoky, dark, packed, too loud to hear anything--all right! Balancing herself regally in the only two inches of light in the room was Jennifer Herrema, a tobacco spitting femme fatale in a sleeveless RAIDERS anorak (she

doesn't really spit tobacco--just looks like she does). She dropped her lit cigaret onto the carpet, tottered, regained her footing, jammed four fingers down her jeans and, glowering at no one in particular, lifted one knee and sang.

Baked hard by mustard and preservatives, Jennifer's mouth is a sewer--rough and low and in the street. Neil's voice is the steam rising out of it in wintertime. I plugged my ears against the cheap P.A. and listened to the music. Gravel crunching under shoes as the fog rolls in. The red at the tip of the cigaret is bad blood. Sure is crunching. Sure is rolling in. Sure is red.

Outside the bar, after the show, a female sauntered down the street imitating Jennifer: "Ah luv yew! Ah luv yew! Ah luv yew! Skin disease! We're from New York!" Neil, a shy star leaning against the van, pretended not to notice. Jennifer wasn't around. Probably off comforting a young girl whose puppy recently died.



DE

Philosophy RTX

JENNIFER: Neil, the guitars sound like shit.
NEIL: I like shit. Shit is good.

Seven cigaret butts in a Styrofoam cup, 12 ripped sugar packets, one Centrum and, where the fork should be, a clump of dry blonde hair: that's what was left on our dining room table from Royal Trux's visit to Guerneville on their way to San Francisco. It's difficult to imagine Neil and Jennifer getting up in the morning, eating a bowl of corn flakes and, well, living. Their sound, their posture, the rumors--everything about them seems nocturnal, weird, beyond human grasp, like they're more ash than flesh. One admires it as mystical. If one is the sort who thinks of garbage and death as cool.

Barely Dangerous, Still Upright

In a part of Guerneville where the dogs (mostly quite large) outnumber the people by

about two to one, the Blackjack label hosted its coming out ball in a garage. While waiting for their turn to play, the Ford ladies walked around full of sass, using slang. "Who's the Mac Daddy?" "Huh?" "Who has the cash?" "Oh." I joined the ladies in their trip to Kwikstop and, speaking of precise and efficient--as drivers the Ford ladies are not. After rearranging the River Road landscape and giving me a sore stomach, the driver carreened back into Blackjack headquarters and beeped madly in a party-goer's face, scaring the young man. I felt bad for him until he complained *10 minutes later*: "That *wasn't* very nice, beeping at me like that!" He had nothing else to do all 10 minutes than hold a grudge? Then I was

glad the big baby got his face beeped.

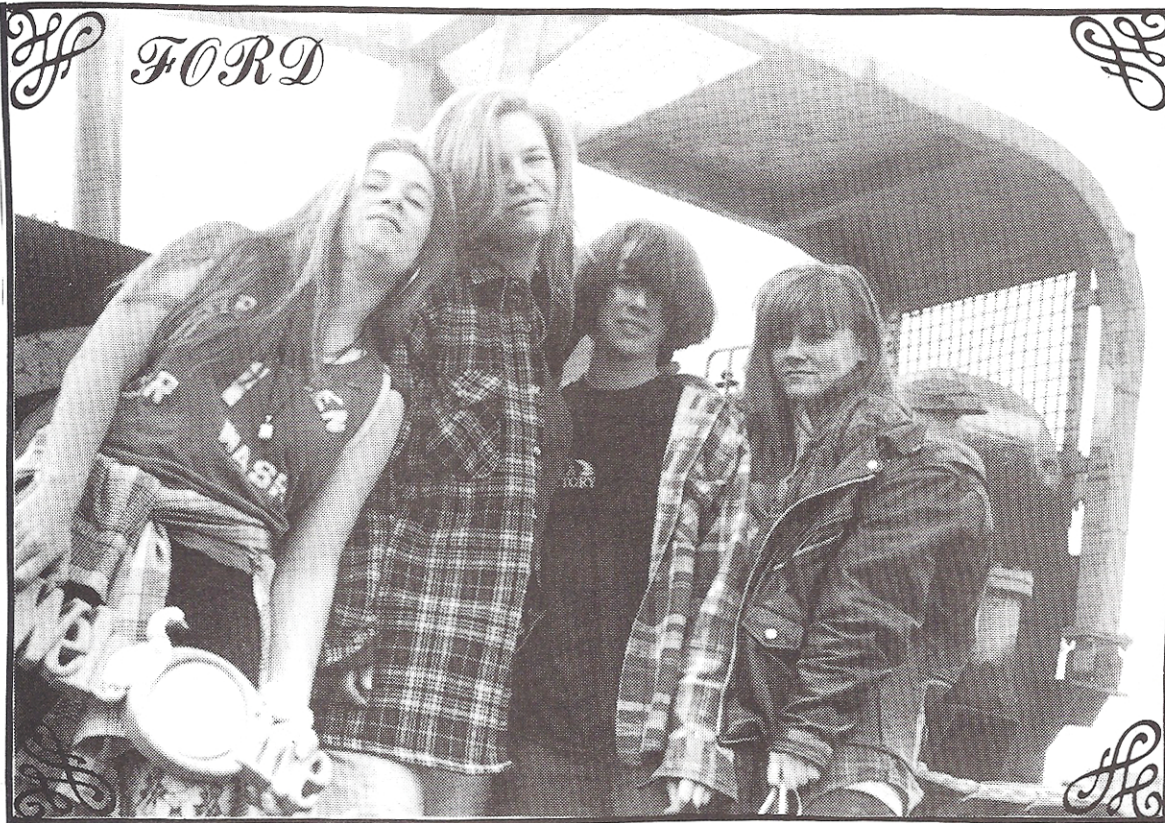
Ford are idiosyncratic to that large and bawdy group of women who grow their hair all over, have fun every day, bang on their musical instruments and alternately growl menacingly and screech angstfully while wearing baseball caps backwards. I think I speak for all 12 audience members when I say we enjoyed having our faces beeped that night.

If bands were dates, Ford would be a good time at the rollerskating rink and Royal Trux would be a lifetime obsession involving sleepless nights and a degenerating complexion.

Photo of Jennifer Herrema: M. Tewksbury



by Lisa "Hey Bud, I used to be a rock star" Carver



Carolyn and Terri or Terri and Carolyn, then Jean, then Michelle, in front of a tractor.

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Sugar May Improve The Taste Of Coffee

But Not As Much As A Camel Will.

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WHAT TO DO W/ BAD or FANZINES ~

by Lisa

Read them out loud to your friends, inserting the word "fascinating" at the end of each sentence.

BELOW: to start you off, we picked a particularly juicy selection from that really real fanzine Dial M for Motherfucker.

FUCK YOU !!!!!

That about sums up my view of you but still...thanks for your support of the zine, whether it be direct or indirect.

And to those of you out there who seem to get a cheap thrill out of sending hate mail to mePLEASE CONTINUE.

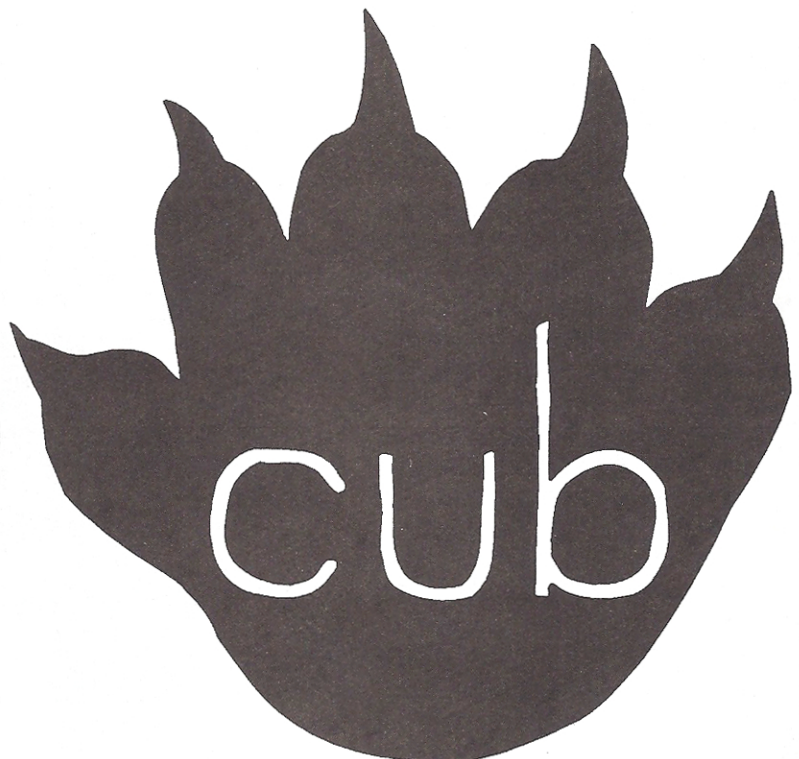
Not much to say this time around except that this past January I had the privilege to see THE BEST live band around today -- Tar. Absolutely terrific hard rock that is second to none (sorry GG).

Oh yeah, note the new address, use it, live it. Stuff sent to the old address will NOT reach me.

Later losers,
Milton Wayne
March 1992

Thanks go out to no one bec. all my friends are either losers or junky-dropouts

*The just person to burp after the phrase "sounds like... on acid" is used wins a kiss.



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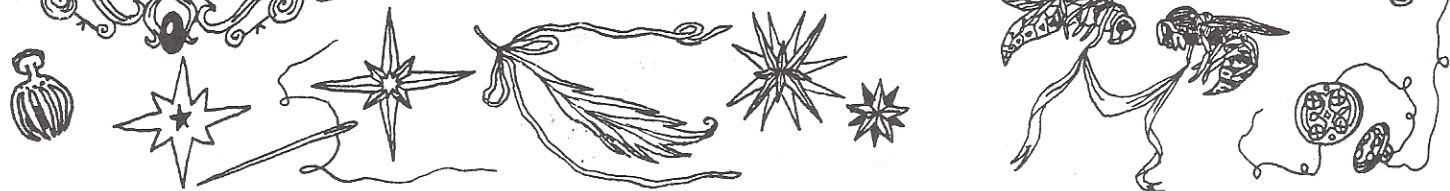
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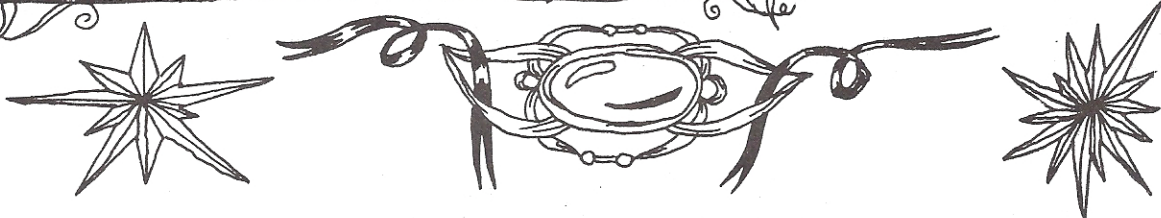
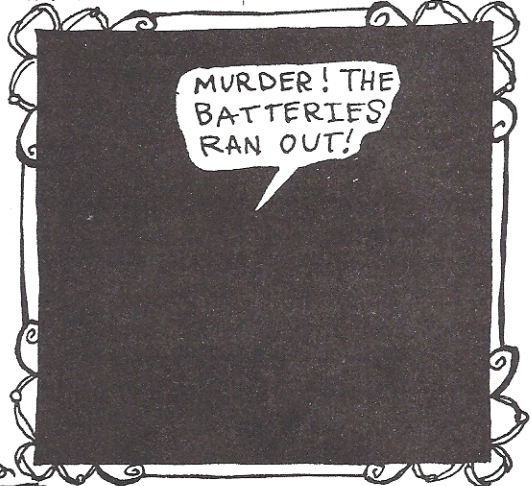
Visceral...
seminal!!

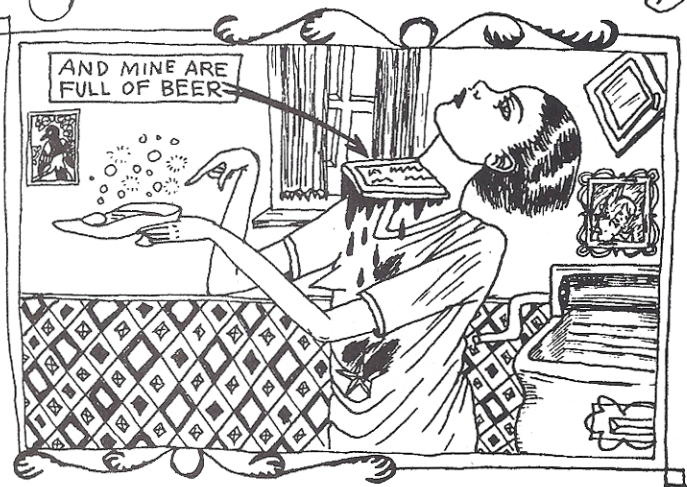
RICHARD DIRT, STREGA PEZ AND FRIEND THE GIRL GO SPLUNKING

BY DARCY MEGAN S. © 1992

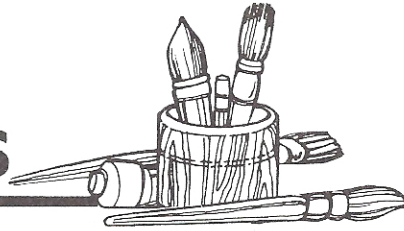




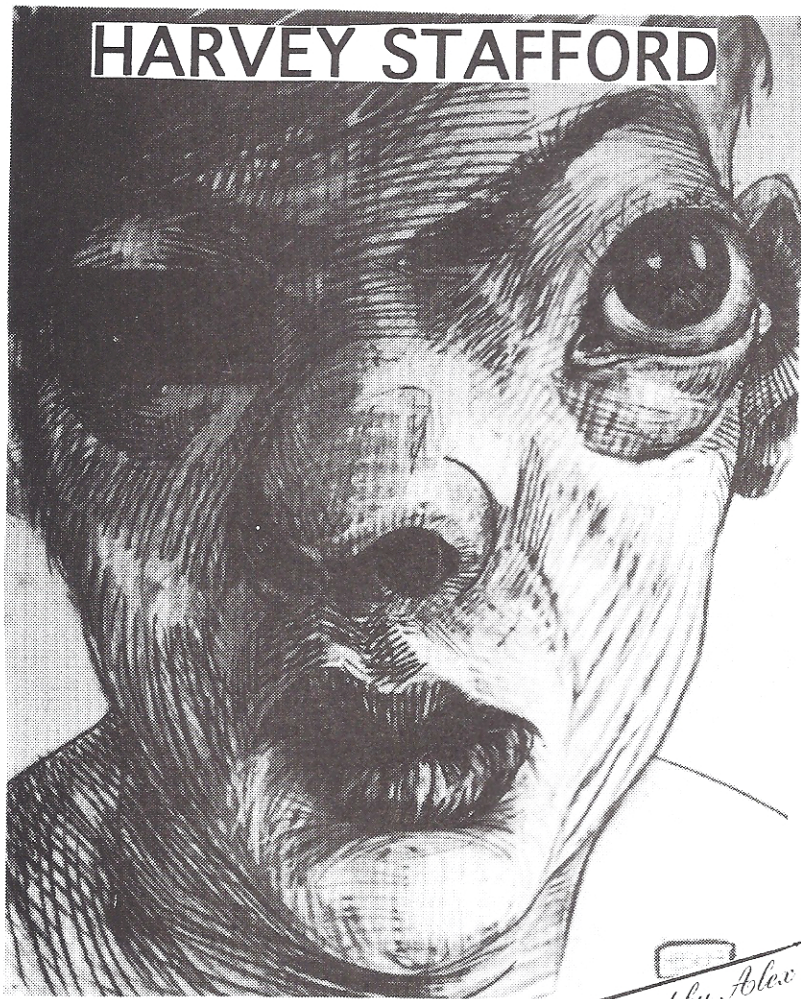




Art News



Famous Portraitist Comes to Town to Paint Your Portrait



Interviewed by Alex Behr



I guess it started about four to five years ago, right around the time I moved into the pet hospital in San Francisco. This band, Systems Collapse, moved in right after the veterinarian moved out. I moved in about three months after they'd gotten the place. There was this kennel out on the roof, full of this insane stuff. There were big jars of pills that were longer than your thumb. There was an animal incinerator. Each bedroom was an animal isolation ward. There were no hard edges in any of the woodwork, they had all been chewed down and clawed by animals trying to escape. In the winter when it rained a lot, even though we painted just about everything in there, this odor of animal fear permeated everything. We discovered when we were scraping some paint that the veterinarian who had been there before hadn't cleaned up animal shit before they painted. They let it dry and painted over it. We had a lot of problems with the drains, too, because there was so much animal hair pumped down them that the pipes were rusted and really thin. The only thing that held them together was the layer of fur on the inside. A lot of people had bad vibes when they walked into our house. It was a complete anarchy household. When I moved in I had great dreams of what it could turn into, and I redid some bathrooms and fixed a lot of stuff. Since there were no rules people would get fucked up and vent their frustration by kicking holes in the walls, ripping out the toilet, or smashing out the windows. Finally I said fuck it and retreated into my own room on the first floor. The way it worked was you got as much space as you could grab and defend. Since I was constantly in this defense posture--locks on my doors as if the rest of the house was the street--that affected my mindset. I started thinking of my roommates as these deformed,

fucked-up creatures. That was when I started digging up medical textbooks in used bookstores and painting from them. Those early paintings were me trying to work out my nasty feelings toward my roommates. After that it extended to my nasty feelings toward the human race. HAHAA.

NAME: Harvey Stafford
EYES: Blue
HAIR: Blond
HEIGHT: 6'5"
WEIGHT: 180 lbs.
AGE: 26
OCCUPATION: Supergenius
IDEAL DATE: We would be listening to 78's on my victrola and drinking wine while looking at antiquarian photography and discussing stump squeezing. There's gotta be a stump squeezer for me out there. That's my ideal date. Except that you gotta keep getting up to wind the victrola.

I was really struck by *Alarma!* when I was in Mexico City. I stopped in my tracks one day by a newsstand when I saw a full-page picture of a guy with his head blown to bits. His features were there but the rest of his head was pulp. I thrilled to that discovery, and I was even more excited to find the magazine here in San Francisco. It's a tabloid, a lot like the *Weekly World News*. They cover wrestling, drug busts (with lots of pictures of dead cops), scantily clad women, pop stars, and car crashes and train wrecks. There's something perversely beautiful about those photographs. You look at Picasso's "Guernica," and people's eyes are moved around in the wrong places, and their limbs are sticking out in these weird places where a limb should not be. It's kind of strange to see a real photo of someone whose eyes have slipped down into the wrong

place, or who has been mangled so horribly that it's hard to piece them back together mentally. Those photographs achieve that point that I want to reach in my paintings, where you're repelled and at the same time your curiosity's appealed to. You're sort of hypnotized. You can't pull away even though your senses are screaming to pull away. You try to scrutinize closer and gather more evidence. It's at that moment when everyone becomes a coroner or a detective. When I first worked with these photos, I was always worried I'd get the diseases the person had, by handling the book. They have that musty odor, you're worried that somewhere in the pages there's this leper microbe floating around. I notice that a lot of people won't handle my books. That whole medieval concept of the evil eye. From what I understand, the evil eye relates to people who had a lazy eye, or a retarded person. If they looked you in the face, you were afraid that their condition would be contagious. If your glances locked, that would be a conduit for that condition to travel. The photos that really fascinate me are the ones that inspire that same curious animal fear.

I wouldn't say I choose controversial topics. There's a big long list of PC topics, such as racism or women's rights, but I don't want to tackle those. I'm much more interested in that nebulous, dark side of human nature that can't really be pinned down with a word like "racism." I pick these freakish characters and fucked-up people to paint as metaphors of aspects of human nature. My own self-portrait is pretty hawk-nosed and there are deep lines on my face. I was painting the nastier side of my personality in that one.

I wouldn't say I'm not afraid of death. I would like to live a full life. I do know how I would like to go. I spend a lot of

time thinking about the ideal mental state during those last few moments. I told my mom about this dream I had a few years ago. I'm in some deserted town in Nebraska or western Kansas. I'm walking around in the summertime, listening to the sound of cicadas chirping. An old man is loading this old Indian motorcycle into the back of a pick-up truck. I do this slow pan of all the details on the motorcycle. I tell the man how much I like it, and he says, "Why don't you take it for a spin?" The rest of the dream was the most incredible sense of well-being. I was totally fulfilled, riding around in this deserted town, pulling up to stoplights and stopping, even though there weren't any people around. The sound of the motorcycle was rich like only a big piece of American iron has. I was telling my mom that when my time comes, that's how I hope I will exit life--sated.

I used to have a girlfriend who worked at the Lusty Lady theater. She was a dancer. And she would rent herself out regularly for these bondage and discipline scenes. I did a lot of deep exploration of the darker sexual side with her. Rather than feeling enlightened by it, I felt depressed and apathetic. Taboos lose their power once you've acted them out. They're no longer fascinating. I learned some lessons from her. She was kind of a strange one. She was known in the bondage and discipline world as a bottom. But in actuality it's not the sadist or the top that has the control, it's the bottom, the masochist. They're the one that says stop or no. You have to obey their wishes. She was doing a lot of smack, and that was alarming me. I'm worried about AIDS, and am I supposed to trust her? I didn't. I ended things mainly over that. It was kind of interesting having a girlfriend who would never say no to anything, and actually pushing me farther than

I would be willing to go. Anytime you tell somebody, "Yeah, I used to have unprotected sex with a junkie that had no problems drinking dog piss," HAAAAHAHA, they're likely to get freaked out. But I have a clean bill of health. I think I'm healthy. I did get tested for AIDS. I get the aids test every six months anyway. That was probably the most suicidal I've ever been. Passively suicidal. My death wish was really coming to the fore by hanging out with this woman. It made me examine myself. I decided I really do want to live. HAAAAHA.

I lost my virginity at an art camp when I was 16. Previous to that summer I'd always gone to these church camps. I had this fundamentalist, Christian background in Kansas--the Church of Christ. At the end of this art camp, everyone blew the lid off. That was the first time I ever smoked pot or drank. I kind of overdid it with the drinking. I went to pee in the men's bathroom and this other girl from the camp, she was 19 years old, came in "by mistake." Somehow we wound up on the floor of the bathroom and she moved us upstairs to where the painting studios were. Pretty soon we were boffing away on this model's platform and I'd drank so much that instead of coming, all this back and forth motion and nerves made me roll over and hurk this really big

pool of vomit on the floor. She didn't get grossed out and run away. She helped me get dressed and get back to the dorms. Maybe because I lost my virginity in a painting studio, the smell of oil paint has a very erotic smell to me.

I saw a cool vomit video while I was in Japan. People puking all over the place. It's kind of a drag, though, because it's got this woman in it who isn't enjoying it. There are these three nerdy Japanese men, they're laughing at her. They're spitting on her and puking in her mouth. They give her an enema up the butt with her own pee. I would've been a lot more pleased if it'd been a bunch of people cavorting around in puke, periodically fucking and barfing. This was more like humiliation. I was a little disappointed, I felt like Otis in *Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer* watching the videotaped murder scene. I felt guilty watching it.

David Hopkins took me out for some wild meals in Japan. Dancing shrimp: live prawn sushi. The chef fishes out big live prawns from a tank. He prepares them on a long pad of rice. He chops their heads off and shucks the meat off the tail, leaving the tail fins intact. The tail's still twitching around. As you bite through the nerve core to separate the fin, it goes twitch-wild in your mouth. You put the tail down on your plate and it

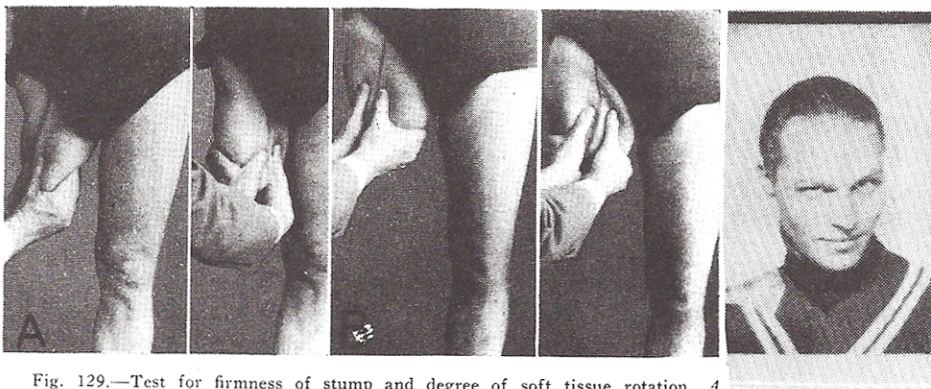


Fig. 129.—Test for firmness of stump and degree of soft tissue rotation. *A*, flabby stump showing pronounced degree of soft tissue rotation. This occurs even though muscles are tensed. *B*, firm stump showing little rotation. (Courtesy of Bechtol, C. O.: J. A. M. A. 146:625-628, June 16, 1951.)



drawings by Harvey Stafford

flops around like a butterfly. I also ate fugu, a poisonous puffer fish. Fugu that's improperly prepared can be fatal. Chefs' whole careers depend on never slipping up and killing a client. You can die from it if you eat too much. I ate baby sparrows one night: the whole bird skewered on a stick. The head, beak, feet, bones, and intestines. A two-bit morsel. David warned me that the brains were really hot--they'll squirt out and burn your tongue. There was a soup I wanted to try.

They take freshwater eels and put them in a slightly salty broth. They cook at your table. The heat agitates the eels, so they burrow into this block of tofu. Eventually they're cooked in the tofu block. I ate raw, salted squid guts, too.

I heard about a scatological bar. The women eat a special diet of herbs that makes their shit a particular consistency and color. They get up on stage and take a dump on a plate. Then the shit is cut up and

arranged with a garnish on little plates. The plates are handed out to businessmen who then eat this shit. There are other clubs, too, like bottomless clubs. I had a funny thought: If someone got a hair in their food, would they be really happy?

There's this video I got called *Let's Go Peeping In the Toilet*. It has all these great photos on the cover of Japanese women's butts perched over toilets. I bought it for the cover but instead it turned out to be this guy had mounted a mini video camera on his shoe. He's out at a crowded subway platform and he sticks his feet between women's legs to get shots of their panties. It's hilarious because you hear the guy giggling when he gets a really good one. Absolutely no shots of the toilet.

There's this cool ghost I found out about called a kappa. It's a water spirit that looks like a frog man. He has a dish-shaped depression at the top of his head. He has mystical powers as long as he has water in the dish. There's no way to outsmart a mystical creature, other than the Japanese code of politeness. When you encounter a kappa you bow as deeply as you can. Then the kappa will bow and all the water will pour out. The cucumber's the kappa's favorite food.

I went to Hiroshima for the day. I took the bullet train, 180 mph. It's like one continuous rail, no bumps or clicks. Shinkansen. I took a cab from the train station to the T-shaped bridge and memorial. The T-shaped bridge was ground zero.

There was a strange existential moment for me when I got out of the cab because the first thing I encountered was this cat sitting next to a bush. Both its eyes were shut and caked with pus. It had this hoarse, plaintive voice. It just sat there mewling. That place had a strange vibration. It felt oddly charged. All those people just vaporized.

continued on back cover

th faith healers

Op!l

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—*Your Pleas*

(includes 2 new tracks not on original U.K. release)

photo: Danny Clinch



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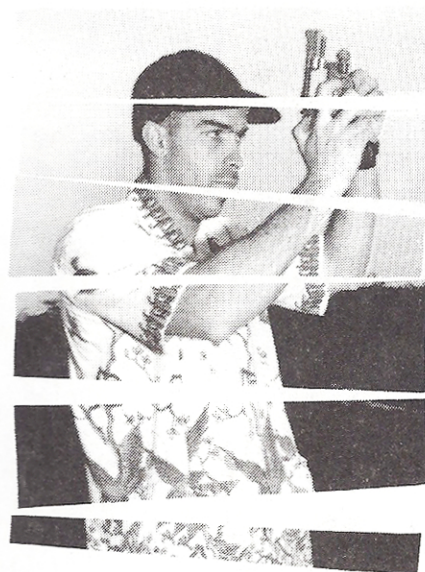
The museum has fragments of people in jars. They had these big keloid scars the length of your forearm hanging in jars of alcohol. One of the most striking things I saw were some fingernails and patches of skin about the size of a postage stamp on a pad of cotton. The card next to it explained that this was the only remnant of a little boy that his grandmother had saved. [*How did she know they were his?*] I imagine she knew where he'd been. But still, the thought that she'd saved these pieces of skin and nails in a box is pretty strange. You know how black absorbs heat and white reflects it? When the atomic bomb detonated, a lot of people were wearing white kimonos with dark pat-

terns printed on them, and the dark parts branded their skin and turned to ash while the white parts remained intact. I saw pieces of those kimonos at the museum.

Harvey Stafford, 2211 Mission, 2nd floor, S.F., CA 94110

Harvey's Paintography

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